UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Antioch

Because Antioch College has an unconventional program, the question is often raised whether the greatly increased range of experiences and responsibilities of Antioch students is not paid for by a lowered quality of conventional academic work. Some evidence is now available on that point.

The series of tests and examinations recently given by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching to students in thirty-two Pennsylvania liberal-arts colleges, for testing the quality of their academic work, were also given under similar conditions to Antioch students. In the Pennsylvania colleges the students were sophomores with a total of about sixty-five weeks of college study. At Antioch, students were in the third year of the six-year course of alternating work and study with a total of about fifty-four weeks of academic study. The average age of the Antioch students was twenty-one years and four months.

Antioch College and the highest of the thirty-two colleges compared with each other as follows:

In intelligence they were exactly equal; in biology, American history, government, economics, and chemistry, Antioch was higher. Antioch ranked lower in English, Latin, French, German, mathematics, and physics. It also ranked below this highest college in general culture (foreign literature, fine arts, general history, and general science), but higher than any other college.

In the "total score" (this term applies only to the united score in general culture, English, and mathematics, and does not account for grades in other subjects taken), Antioch ranked between the highest and next highest of the thirty-two colleges. The highest college included an examination in astronomy which Antioch did not, and omitted examinations in geology, European history, and Spanish, which were included at Antioch.

A Report from China

Never has China, at least in my experience, begun a new year with her people in a more optimistic frame of mind. While there are still areas of the country where life is disorganized and suffering intense, the general condition is peaceful and the future hopeful. The rebellions against the Central Government in North and South China have all collapsed and during the last month or two former rebel commanders have been flocking to Nanking to arrange terms of capitulation for their armies. The communist-bandit menace in Central China is also being seriously dealt with by the Central Government. At last it would seem the long hoped-for political unification of China under the authority of one Central Government is near at hand. Evidences of this can be seen

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UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1931 NUMBER 21

A NEW REFORMATION

Only a spiritual revolution or reformation can save religion or build a new world founded on the ideals of Jesus.

Such a reformation can only begin with deep repentance. It must see that we have not built such a world and that we are not adequately building it today. Why is it that, with all its glaring evils of dictatorship, tyranny, and the shameful treatment of its class enemies, atheistic communism in Russia is actually building a social order of greater economic justice, less neglected unemployment, more racial solidarity and brotherhood, of cleaner political life in its cities, with less lawlessness, crime, bootlegging, graft, racketeering, prostitution and corruption than in our own country? Why is it that the greatest fortunes in the world today are Christian fortunes, laid up by followers of him who said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth"? Why is it that the greatest armies in the world, the largest navies, the greatest expenditures for war, past or future, the greatest denial of racial brotherhood and the greatest number of lynchings are in so-called Christian countries?

And what kind of a world would it be if, after adequate repentance and a thoroughgoing reformation, we really applied Jesus' principle of love in all the relations of life? Would it not be a world where we should create Christlike men and women in a Christlike society by the intelligent application of love in all the relations of life? Would it not mean right relations, in the full sharing of love, in basic economic justice, equal brotherhood among all men, clean politics in wholesome cities, right relations between nations, in a world of peace, and between man and God?

—Sherwood Eddy in The Christian Century.

The Federal Council of Churches is deserving of a fair meed of praise for its report on the moving picture industry. For expert marshalling of the facts in the case and calm reasoning upon them we have seldom seen it surpassed. Mr. Will Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc., would have done better to have discussed the issue raised by it than to have attempted to sidetrack such discussion by rehashing his old quarrel with the Rev. George Reid Andrews, former director of the disbanded Church and Drama League. Incidentally any one who has had the privilege of knowing Mr. Andrews personally can take little stock in the insinuations made by Mr. Hays concerning him. Bishop McConnell, president of the Federal Council was quite within his rights when he wrote Mr. Hays,

> Is it too much to ask that attention should now be directed to the conclusions of the report on the basis of their own worth without further distraction of attention by irrelevant considerations?

We hope this action of the Federal Council in assembling the data and issuing the report will quicken public sentiment in this field. When gangster films can lead almost directly to the death of a boy in New Jersey it is time for Mr. Hays' organization to exercise more control than it has yet done. It is a sight to make even the "hard boiled" ashamed to see a great invention like the moving picture exploited merely for gain at the expense of debauching the morals and lowering the taste of the American people, especially its youth. Whatever one may think of prohibition the producers of motion pictures might well remember that it came because an industry would not or could not reform itself.

Ever since the questionnaire of the *World Tomorrow* revealed that a large and growing number of clergymen would never bless nor participate in another war we have felt a sharpening of the issue between our churches and the state. The militarists, who are to a great extent in control of our official life, are aroused and determined to make the will of the state supreme over the individual even in the field of conscience. Apparently they reject an infallible Bible and an infallible church only to substitute an infallible state. The MacIntosh decision as handed down by the majority of the Supreme Court is an emphatic assertion that the individual must subordinate his conscience and his religion to the will of the state. The quarrel between the Pope and Mussolini is also at bottom the same issue as to whether there is any field in which the state is not supreme. It is good to see that an increasing number of our leading clergymen see this issue and are speaking out vigorously. Something of the same issue too is being raised by the "Peace Patriots" who recently addressed a communication to President Hoover asking for exemptive status for those men and women who have publicly declared that their principles are against participation in war in any form. These events and many others which might be cited all point in the same direction. We are entering a period when our churches will find that faithfulness to their own gospel is going to receive the condemnation and persecution

of the world. To the extent that our churches and synagogues really stand for social justice and peace they must expect to travel a hard and thorny path.

"Tuberculosis Toll Sets Low Record." This headline in the paper the other day was not on the front page and as far as we have seen has elicited no editorial comment. However it has the deepest significance for it means that the long battle against this scourge has been nearly won. Since 1910 when statistics in this field first began to be systematically compiled the death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis for 59 American cities has dropped from 174.4 per 100,000 of population to 108.5 in 1920 and 66.5 in 1930. It was not so long ago that saying a person had tuberculosis or "consumption" as it was then called was equivalent to saying that his death warrant had been signed. Many of us can remember the dread and horror which hovered about this disease and the way in which the victim and his friends would try to believe it was something else. The cause was unknown and the cure was unknown. Now medical science knows the cause; it knows that it is preventible and in most cases curable if taken in time. This is obviously a triumph of science but it is just as real a triumph of social education. People have been taught by the press, by posters, in the schools and in the churches and the campaign is bearing its fruit. And what has been done with this one disease can be done with others if we will set our minds to it in the same way that we have in this instance. May the time not be too far distant when cancer shall yield its secret and be brought under control in the same way.

The industrial depression, as far as America is concerned, is a greater disaster than the world war. It is affecting more of our people and causing more distress among them. Bad as it is in our great cities one gets an even more vivid impression of the magnitude of it in our country districts and small towns. In one county in Michigan, a county considered among the richest a few years ago, over 86,000 pieces of property cannot pay the taxes levied. In Kansas the farmers are wondering whether it will pay to harvest the wheat at all so meagre a price are they apt to receive for it. In Ohio some of the school districts are drawing up their new contracts with the teachers with a proviso that the last month's salary may not be paid at all. Everyone lives in a state of fear and anxiety wondering when he can find a job or how long he can retain the one he has. This is a disaster of the first magnitude and ought to be approached in that spirit. For this reason we find ourselves quite in sympathy with the proposal for an extra session of congress to deal with this situation. The People's Lobby in proposing to President Hoover that he call such a session to consider an unemployment relief program involving an expenditure of more than three billion dollars shows more of a realization of the extent of the disaster which has befallen us than our officials. Unless some such action is taken the winter ahead will involve much more suffering than the one just passed. President Hoover is to be congratulated on his efforts in behalf of Germany. We would like to see equally vigorous activity on behalf of our own people.

It was not so long ago that the cosmological argument for God was considered something of a back number. The moral and ethical argument alone carried weight. Now, however, it seems as if all our physical scientists are talking about the religious implications of the new knowledge which has overwhelmed us in the field of astro-physics. Jeans, Eddington, Milliken and many others have, on the basis of this new knowledge, stated their opinion that there is some power which has brought all that is into being. And now we have Professor Edwin B. Frost, director of the Yerkes Observatory, saying,

> Everything that we learn from the observational point of view in the study of astronomy seems to me to point precisely and always toward a purposeful operation of nature. When you accept this it seems to be inconsistent with physical science not to believe in a mind behind the universe . . . from the atom to the star and from the microbe to the man we can believe that the same divine power holds sway.

And Sir Arthur Keith, the noted anthropologist, made a thought provoking remark recently when he said, "The darkness in which the final secret of the universe lies hidden is part of the Great Design," thereby suggesting that the ultimate reason for man's existence is the only knowledge which man may not hope to attain. But even this apparent agnosticism is pregnant with the idea that mind is back of it all.

We confess to having read Stalin's speech concerning the new economic plan with mingled emotions. We are glad that he has sufficient sense of the realities of the situation to make the adjustments necessary for the success of his program. We regret, however, that he is finding that human nature is apparently too weak at present to respond entirely to the service motive which lies at the heart of Christianity. Wages in Russia are not equal but are based on much the same principle as in capitalist America, namely the difficulty of the work and the skill of the worker. Stalin justifies this on the well known theory that this is an emergency measure. This whole matter of motivation in a socialist state is in many respects the crux of it all. Can we get the work done without making the appeal primarily to the selfishness of the individual? Christian socialists will maintain that we can but scientifically we do not know. We are glad to learn that it this very question to which Professor Harry F. Ward is going to devote himself this coming year which he is to spend in Russia. It is on this issue that the future battles between capitalism and any form of socialism will be fought.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Will Gandhi Compromise?

I

It is disquieting to find disquiet abroad in many hearts lest Mahatma Gandhi be persuaded in the forthcoming Round Table Conference in London to compromise his claims upon the British, and thus in some measure give over the cause for which so many gallant souls have suffered and died in India. Those who cherish suspicions and fears of this kind do little credit to Gandhi, and can have little real knowledge of the man. Yet are their forebodings understandable.

There is so much at stake in the meetings in September! To those who revere the Mahatma, there is his prestige and power as the trusted leader of his people; to those who love India, there is the destiny of this nation now hanging in the balance; to idealists the world around who exalt Gandhi's program of *Satyagraha* as a new method of dealing with human affairs, there is the success of this method as applied to vast problems of national and international concern. Mahatma Gandhi today, more truly than Woodrow Wilson yesterday, stands at the very center of the world's life, with the fate of centuries poised within his hands. What wonder that there are those who fear that no one man, not even the greatest, can wholly meet the stress of so stupendous a crisis, and that Gandhi, therefore, like Wilson, voyaging to strange shores, may be enticed to compromise and thus lose his cause, as did the American President, to his own humiliation and disgrace.

II

Apart from general considerations of this character, there seem to be special reasons for fear on Gandhi's behalf. So at least I find in talking with some of those committed to the great movement for India's liberation from imperial servitude.

Thus, there is the feeling that Gandhi has already surrendered much in his agreement with Lord Irwin, and thus has himself prepared the way for final surrender in agreement with Premier MacDonald. This feeling is natural, perhaps, to those who find it impossible to treat with an enemy under any circumstances, and would fight to the bitter end, though friend perish alike with foe, rather than seek through peaceful negotiation the goal desired. But it is an idea, none the less, which is based upon a fundamental misconception of Gandhi's action at New Delhi, as of the character of the Mahatma himself.

In the very necessities of the case, by the whole logic of his teaching and example through many years, Gandhi in his struggle against Britain was committed to the rule of ending war and establishing peace the very moment the British intimated their willingness to settle, even to discuss the nationalist terms laid down by the Congress and its leaders. Lord Irwin gave his intimation by releasing Gandhi from prison. By accepting the Viceroy's proffer of negotiation, the Mahatma released tens of thousands of his heroic countrymen from cruel suffering and exhausting sacrifice, and at the same time abandoned no advantage of the position achieved in the non-violent war and threw over no point essential to the cause of independence. On the contrary, he won much—more than had ever been won by any Indian in battle for his people's liberty—and thus laid firm and sure the ground for complete victory in London. The real significance of the Gandhi-Irwin pact becomes manifest when it is seen to be not a peace at all but a *truce*. Gandhi granted this truce in answer to the petition of his adversary. This proved him the victor in the long struggle of 1930-1931, and armed him with the power to dictate terms when came the time to write the peace which follows upon the truce. If there is any doubt of this in our minds, we have only to consult Winston Churchill and the English "die-hards." These know, if some of the rest of us do not, what Gandhi has already won for India.

III

Another fear of what Gandhi may do in London springs from the nature of the Round Table Conference itself. At this fateful gathering, the Mahatma will be the sole representative of the Congress, but not the sole representative of India. On the contrary, the Princes will be there, and the Liberals, and the Moderates, and others whose interest is far more in the Empire than in their native land. Is it not certain that Gandhi will straightway find himself isolated in this company—that there will inevitably come the moment when the overwhelming majority, if not all, of the delegates will be ready to accept terms laid down by Britain which are inconsistent with the Congress platform and thus unacceptable to Gandhi—that the Mahatma will thus be placed in a hopeless minority, and exposed, if he remains irreconcilable, to ridicule and denunciation as a fanatic who prefers his own will to his country's welfare, and with whom, therefore, it is impossible to deal—that in this situation the Mahatma will find it impossible to hold out, and thus at last give way? Any man must sooner or later yield under such circumstances. How much more, perhaps, Mahatma Gandhi, whose gentle spirit, noble trust even in his enemies, and ardent love of concord, must persuade him in the end to accept peace at almost any price!

The answer to this suggestion is to be found, first of all, in history. Already Gandhi has met a situation of this kind and has held his ground. For he stood alone, did he not, in the face of his countrymen, the Empire, and the world, when he refused last year to attend the first Round Table Conference? All other elements in Indian life were ready to go, and *did* go. Gandhi, as the embodiment of the Congress, was unwilling to go, and did *not* go. Britain had not granted

his terms—therefore, though he stood alone, he must say nay. More than this, he must crown his action by alone declaring a war against Britain which shook the Empire to its foundations. What the Mahatma has done once, he will do again. His position tomorrow in London will be easy, it seems to us, as compared with his position yesterday at Lahore. If occasion arises, history will repeat itself.

But there is a deeper answer to this contention, which is proved by no historical precedent, but by the transcendent qualities of a great man. Thus, there are certain things which we cannot conceive as possible with Mahatma Gandhi. We cannot conceive, for example, that Gandhi will be flattered by the attentions of London statesmen, or dazzled by the glitter of King and court, or cajoled and deceived by public honors and rewards. The Mahatma's soul is impervious to the wiles of the world. He cannot be bought, for the simple reason that he does not want what the world values. He cannot be misled, since through years of discipline, he has made his "eye single," and therefore his "whole body full of light." Gandhi's loin cloth, matched against the robes of royalty, will guarantee the integrity of its wearer.

It is in the same way, and for the same reason, that we cannot imagine Mahatma Gandhi surrendering his principles or India's cause under any circumstances of isolation at the London conference table. This is a thing that Gandhi will not, because he cannot, do. He is committed to India's liberation. His leadership to this end has been sanctified by the confidence of millions, and by the blood-sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of these millions. He has said that he will forever labor steadfastly to free his people "by peace, if possible, by war if necessary." We must believe that Gandhi means what he says, and will do what he means. To believe otherwise is to believe that water may run uphill, or the stars fall down from heaven.

IV

It is to be remembered that Gandhi, by a statesmanship as consummate as his heroism is sublime, has now led India to a position in which a man less strong than himself must hold out till what he asks is granted. For India is now committed to the cause of freedom, exactly as America was committed in the Revolutionary War. After Lahore, and the Declaration of Independence, and the raising of the national flag, the nation cannot retreat even if she would. She has put her hand to the plow, and cannot look back. After all that has happened, all that has been proclaimed, all that has been suffered, India would become the laughing-stock of the world, and the contemptuous joke of Englishmen, if she should now take less than all that she has set out to gain. Worse than this, by any policy of compromise or surrender, she would become the shame of her own people. Her martyrs would cry out from their graves. The tears in her myriad prison-cells, the blood on her countless paving-stones, would find tongues to clamor their reproach. If India is to survive at all, she must survive in spirit—worthy of her cause, faithful to her dream, whole in soul if not in body. Of all living men today, the Mahatma must see and know this fact, and therefore will not forget it.

But not India alone, but the world has issue here! There are some things that cannot be compromised. The freedom of a nation is one, for it is either free, or it is not free. The soul of a people is another, for it is either true, or it is not true. The sanctity of a cause is still another, for it is either served, or it is not served. Gandhi has won the allegiance of millions of men outside his own country, and is thus untouched by his own nationalistic cause, through that higher cause of love, and non-violence, and soul force, which alone in history he has made so peculiarly his own. He is today the guardian of this universal cause of the spirit, as well as of the specific cause of India. When he sits at London, he will sit as the representative of the millions of his own land who see in him their liberator from subjection, but also of unnumbered millions in other lands who see in him their liberation from violence, and war, and hate, and death. Gandhi has taught mankind a better way of life. Can he make that way succeed, and therewith prove its worth? It is this which he must answer in London. And if he fails, the heart of the world will break!

Never in all history has one man faced so great a challenge as Gandhi must face in Britain. Never in all history has there been a man so fitted in mind and spirit to answer that challenge, and therewith save humanity. We pray for him who is not India's only but the world's Mahatma, because we trust him, and therefore would help him, to stand fast.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Mirror Beneath the Sky

A mirror stretched beneath the sky.
The face was mine. So this was I?
I viewed an image broken, old,
A cruel heart—insensate, cold.
I blanched and slowly turned away;
I clamored with the waning day.
My heart was burning like a fire,
That crackled in my great desire
To love, to give, to understand
The hearts that grieve throughout the land.
I watched the freedom of the sea,
Of roses, earth, the rain and tree.
I saw the whole renascent earth
Stir in a beauty of rebirth.
No more I shivered in the sun:
I learned that God and I are one!

FANIA KRUGER.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

II. Sea and Land!

I

O to sail in a ship,
To leave this steady unendurable land,
To leave the tiresome sameness of the streets, the sidewalks and the houses,
To leave you, O you solid motionless land, and entering a ship,
To sail and sail and sail!

I don't know about *"entering* a ship"—this is Walt Whitman's word, not mine! But "to sail and sail"—this has been familiar these days gone by, but never too familiar. There were passengers aboard our boat who got restless as the days moved on, and they saw nothing but the smooth and empty sea. I think that some of them might have welcomed a storm, if only for the sake of a change on the horizon. But just to sail, with the quiet waters beneath and the quiet stars above, and all the dirt and roar of the city far behind, this was enough for me.

II

I think perhaps it is because I am so content with sea and sky, that I make few acquaintances aboard ship. My tablemates, yes—both friendly men! A young rabbi from Worcester, a Presbyterian clergyman from Philadelphia, the founder and head of a progressive school in New Jersey, a social radical from San Francisco—these were congenial companions. But the indiscriminate and almost intense contact which many men and women promptly join with their fellow-passengers, this is not for me. I prefer to watch this great sea upon which I so seldom move, and to listen to the profundities of its voice which challenges with such awesome power the utterances of men's lips. Perhaps it is for this reason that I particularly like the decks at night, when the deck-chairs are folded up, and most of the passengers are within, and in the darkness the vast ocean is more heard than seen. It is the ship's deck under the stars, as Matthew Arnold discovered, that reveals to us the "calm soul of all things."

Yet I would not be a boor, and see nothing of my comrades. Even though I do not seek to know them, or speak with them, I like always to watch them and ponder upon them. Who are they? Where do they come from? Why are they journeying? And why do they act as they do?

These young people—how lovely they are! And how exuberant! They are noisy at times. I could wish to see them read once in a while. And I could wish to see them drink and smoke not at all. But they are wondrous specimens of young manhood and young womanhood, most of them—tall, lithe, clean-featured and clean-limbed, and capable of infinite delight in life. The world ought to cherish such material; yet a half-generation ago it squandered it like so much waste, and a half-generation hence will do so again if we be not wiser than all other men before us.

These Catholic priests—how incongruously worldly they look! There is one fine old fellow among them—the lines of sanctity are clear upon him. Is this why he keeps apart, and walks the decks alone? However this may be, most of the others are too fat, too gross. And do they never read anything but their prayer-books? I watched like a hawk to see one secular volume in the hands of any one of them, and to the end I failed in my quest. I wish, also, that their religion was not so exclusive an affair. On the Sunday morning it was a goodly company which gathered in the dining-saloon to pray and sing—officers and men of the crew, old and young among the passengers. How many creeds and cults must have been represented among us! Yet we had no difficulty in worshipping together. At this same hour, however, the priests and nuns were all gathered in another place to celebrate their "holy mass." I don't like to see this separateness, especially upon the part of the representatives of a church whose boast it is that it is the "catholic"—i. e., the universal—church. Was I myself a bit guilty of this same sin when I felt myself possessed by a kind of feeling of relief when these Romanists left us at Cobh, to land on the pleasant sod of old Ireland?

Then that bright, bird-eyed woman who went about so busily, always carrying her little folding camp-stool! Did she have a weak back, or was she ill, that she had to rely upon this support?

And that charming girl whom I caught reading Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Fatal Interview," and who startled me out of a year of life, perhaps, by stopping me without the slightest warning with an inquiry about the time of day! And the ship's bells striking the hour every fifteen minutes!! Why did she have to parade the deck each morning in a naval jacket with bright brass buttons?

And the fine-looking man who gave me another start by answering my wholly casual question, "Where is your home?" with the amazing reply, "Central Africa." He had with him his wife and a few months' old baby, and when I bade him good-bye on the London train, he had still seven weeks of traveling before him.

The regular fancy dress ball is of course the time and place to study human nature. I have observed these balls more than once, and have always been interested in two features which invariably appear. I watched the dance on the "Scythia" with these two hardy perennials in mind, and, sure enough, they were there. One is the eagerness with which women, old as well as young, seize this opportunity to dress in men's clothes. We might well attribute this to the masquerading instinct in us all, were it not for the fact that men show no particular zest for women's clothes. But women, apparently, can hardly wait to get on the trousers. If we told these extremely modern, highly sophisticated, bobbed-haired, cigarette-smoking women that this trait was a belated hang-over from the days of women's sex subjection, when they envied men their freedom, strength, and courage, I suppose they would be prodigiously angry. But I am convinced that this is the case all the same. Caught off guard, all too many women reveal the ancient contempt of their sex, and their innate wish that they were males. When will this absurd survival of primitive tribalism be sloughed off, and women be genuinely contented with their appointed lot and conscious of its equal dignity and honor with that of men?

The other inescapable feature of a fancy-dress ball on shipboard is the man who knows no way to make his contribution to the fun except to be vulgar. That there should be always one such man is perhaps

less surprising than that there should not be more than one. But surely one is enough, since he never fails to appear. And if there be those who say that there is no standard by which vulgarity, or indecency, can be detected, and that there is in reality therefore no such thing at all, I bid them notice, in such a company as this upon the ship, the loud screams of hectic delight with which this offender is greeted by the few, and the conscious sense of embarrassment with which he is observed by the many. There is such a thing as indecency, at least among persons of good taste.

III

But all ship life ends when the first streak of land is descried on the horizon. Curious what excitement instantly pervades a whole ship's company once the ocean is gone and the land is come! When the top-most hill of western Ireland first lifted itself out of the cloudy expanse to the north-east, we were still nearly twenty-four hours out of Liverpool, but all the accustomed routine of life at sea instantly stopped, and long lines of passengers hung for hours over the rail. I had first witnessed this first sighting of the Irish coast just eighteen years before, and I could recall the thrill not only of land rising suddenly out of the waste of water, but also of catching my initial glimpse of foreign soil. Since then I have visited many alien lands. but again, as Ireland now loomed in the mists before me, I seemed to feel the old excitement. Those green but empty hills, the lighthouses, the trawlers, Queenstown (Cobh) harbor and the taking on of the pilot, the landing of our merry Irish wayfarers, then back again to sea—it was all a pageant for our entertainment apparently, and all renewed the next afternoon when we made the Mersey, passed Birkenhead and its myriad houses, and at last moored to the landing-stage at Liverpool.

IV

I shall be in England but a few days, but how glad I am that I have come for these few days! It was a welcome feeling of contentment and peace that came welling up into my soul as I saw "England's green and pleasant land" flashing by the windows of my train as we went speeding up to London. The evening was late, but the sun is loath to leave this island in the early summer, and even after ten o'clock the landscape was visible and no lights were yet to be seen in the houses of city or country. Rains had apparently been abundant this spring, and the fields were as green as ever William Blake saw them. How lovely they looked—especially with no bill-boards to irritate the observer except at the stations and crossings.

The cattle were lying down as though the night were come, but the sheep were still grazing. The housewives in the cottages had finished with the evening meal—though here and there smoke was curling up from the chimneys—and they were sitting in their doorways to enjoy the last light of day. In their gardens, nestled behind the high walls in the towns, but stretching out into the open in the countryside, the men were busy with the plants and weeds. Lazily a boat was still moving down the canal on a belated quest for mooring. In a field, astride a stile, was a girl with tossing hair, and nearby her swain. Did he move so far away from so lovely a vision because this train was speeding by? Thatched roofs were not so frequent as I had remembered. Are these picturesque relics of the older and simpler day passing away one by one? Cities are nearly as ugly as with us in America—Crewe, for example!—though the tile roofs and the multitudinous chimney-pots are attractive. But it is the fields—the glad, green fields—with the trees, the hedges, the black furrows, and the rivers threading through, that are the glory of this land. The English countryside, unlike the American, is so well cared for! No waste and neglect, no dried stubble, no weedy soil, no slatternly fences, no dumps of ashes and debris! An automobile scrap-heap is as impossible in England as an open sewer. Nor does the automobile yet possess the highways! The carter, with his cart and dray-horse, still moves along the roads and streets, and as beautiful to me as trees or grass was the sight of these animals, with their huge, shaggy hoofs and mighty backs moving patiently to their night's rest within the stall.

A line of street-lamps reminded me that the night, and London, were close at hand. I was excited again. And still excited when I took my seat in the taxi and started for my hotel. A few blocks, and streets and houses began to feel familiar. We were on the left side of the street. There was a "Bobby" with his giant stature, his majestic mien, and his queer helmet. Traffic was moving only moderately fast, but steadily. Crowds of vehicles, but no waiting! How do they do it? This is the Strand. There is St. Clemens. The Nelson Monument and the Museum must be just ahead. No, we're swinging north to Picadilly. Suddenly I wake up, and find myself grinning like an ape—all unconsciously talking and laughing to myself at the sheer joy of being here in London once again. What a city! A thousand years of history, the commonest building older than America since Columbus, every pavement trodden once by feet that left indelible "footsteps on the sands of time," the very names of the streets a record-book of venerable tradition, the center of the world's greatest empire, the capital of the noblest culture of modern times! What a city!

"O, to be in England," cried Robert Browning, far away in Italy, and eager to see the motherland again. I am no Englishman, but I know how he felt, and I'm glad I'm here. I should be perfectly happy tonight if I were not alone—and if I didn't have to leave this land and city after four short days.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

London, England.

Old Newsy

I never bought a yellow sheet before,
And this I never read. But I do know
That when I next emerge from roar below
To cluttered, hurried street from subway door
I'll try to buy a paper once again
From him whose eyes see poorly and whose hair
Is gray like shiny steel; whose coat with tear
Is tight-drawn, and whose voice is hoarse in rain.
He shivered as he said "Five cents," and then,
As I was picking through the mixed-up change—
"The rain is what the farmers need, they say,
So we can't kick. Besides, it's cool and clean."
And as I strode away I felt quite strange,
As if I owed him more than I could pay.

WILLIAM C. MORRISON.

The Conference for Disarmament

No other place in the world can offer a finer setting for the coming disarmament conference than Geneva. This conference will convene next February with five thousand delegates from all parts of the world and will continue in session for at least six months. The question of burning interest will be the possible reduction of war preparations to a minimum necessity and the creation of friendly relations between all nations. It will be the most important international conference held since the peace conference at the close of the war. It will affect mightily the future of humanity. It will determine if a warfare resulting not simply in the killing of soldiers on the battle field but in the wiping out of whole communities of innocent civilians,—women and children, shall continue or, rather, if nations shall come together, lay down their arms and settle their differences by reasonable arbitration.

No one can fail to be interested in such a vital question and in wishing to have some part in bringing to the world so great a benefit as the ending of war and the adoption of a recognized policy in dealing with international differences.

There is more than a visionary hope for this, since mankind is becoming daily more enlightened with the drawing near of the ends of the earth. The most remote and weakest of nations is considered with interest. The attitude of governments in regard to war is changing. Is it religion which is developing this spirit of a better will to man? Dr. Fred Fisher in referring to H. G. Wells' prophecy of religion blowing through life like a wind, making things possible and easy that seemed difficult, said, "The wind has come. India with her non-violent victory, China in clamorous demand, Turkey in self-renewal, Africa with mute determination, Europe feeling after unity, America successfully grappling with her machine to maintain her ideals, through courageous readjustment." May we not be confident that the moving of this wind will be felt in this assembly of the most enlightened statesmen of the age?

If it shall be decided to hold this conference in Geneva, one will find here a natural stage well-fitted for the enactment of this drama. Its first appearance in history is seen 58 years before the coming into the world of Christ the Prince of Peace. It was in the midst of scenes of war that Julius Caesar made mention in his Commentaries on the Gallic war that he had broken down the bridge over the Rhone in order to stop the Helvetians. In the middle ages the spirit of independence was shown when its inhabitants made it into a Republic—the most ancient of all republics in existence. In 1535 its independence became consolidated by the adoption of the Reformation. Here then through the centuries has been this little territory of Freedom nestled in her Alpine heights as if kept for such a time as this. Surrounded as it has been by the warring nations of Europe, seemingly at any time easily taken by force of arms, yet never has the flag of this citadel of freedom been lowered.

Surely Geneva is an appropriate place for the coming together of all nations in search of relief from war.

During the past ten years there have been some changes in the aspects of this old city cradled in her changeless surroundings. Formerly multitudes of invalids came seeking cures in this sanitorium of the Alps. The idle rich came to find pleasure in Europe's playground. Tourists flitted in and away with lasting memories of its marvelous scenic beauty. But now Geneva is drawing to itself students of world governing laws and of international friendships—these are from the leading universities of the world. One sees them with thoughtful faces looking forward to the great reconstructional period in which they may have a large and honored part. Men and women with large vision are here, leading statesmen, builders of nations. In the hotel foyers small groups in earnest conversation discuss questions which have held them for hours in their several conferences, questions touching some important report that will come before the September meeting of the League of Nations. One hears the languages of many lands, but in the conferences there is no confusion of tongues, for all reports are translated into English and French, the two official languages of the League.

New buildings are rising on all sides, great blocks of modern apartments to house the rapidly growing population, now numbering almost 150,000. Geneva is preparing to be and is becoming recognized as the capital city of the world and is eager to take care of the coming disarmament conference. One should think of this conference not as the League of Nations, even though it may be held in Geneva at the invitation of the Council of the League. All nations, whether members of the League or not, are invited. There need be no hesitancy on the part of the United States of America in taking her place in this world gathering, although she has been unwilling to be identified with the fifty-six nations which are now members of the League, but remains still outside in company with *only eight* others: Afghanistan, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Egypt, Hejaz, Mexico, Soviet Russia and Turkey! It is earnestly hoped that our loved country may be represented in this all important gathering and that her voice may be heard with no uncertain sound in helping to relieve the world from the ever-increasing burden of preparations for war.

Never was the time for such a conference more opportune. The world is struggling under economic conditions which are unbearable. Even our own hitherto highly favored and most prosperous of all nations has seen the necessity for raising millions of dollars to feed starving multitudes of unemployed. It is no longer possible for the United States to assure itself of immunity from economic disaster in other parts of the world, for whether we will or not, we are bound with all nations.

In these days of unemployment one is compelled to think of the single item of man's wastefulness. One remembers that our nineteen months of participation in the Great World War cost us to date $51,000,000,000. Calvin Coolidge has estimated that it will be $100,000,000,000 before the last dollar is paid. Are these unemployed considering that 80 per cent of all the national revenues is now being spent on war, past, present, and future? And do they know that President Hoover has recently said that while we are the safest of all nations in the world we are spending more than any other nation for armaments? How long will these

thoughtful idle people be willing to have their hard-earned taxes spent by the government in laying down new keels for dreadnaughts costing singly $40,000,000 and cruisers at $17,000,000 for wars that may never come? And these cruisers and dreadnaughts in twenty years will be only scrap iron?

No other nation is in quite so safe a position to counsel disarmament as our own. Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States, whose long experience in affairs of international law fits him to speak with greater confidence than any other person, probably in the United States, has said,

> So far as we can see into the future the United States is not in the slightest danger of aggression; in no single power, in no possible combination of powers lies a menace to our society.

Again, just recently, he said at a dinner of the Society of International Law,

> The best hope of the world for international peace is in the support of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

Then why may not our leaders, being present in the coming disarmament conference, advocate a drastic limitation of all land forces and the building of a navy no larger than needed for actual protection, even though it may not be on a parity with the largest navy in the world? At this time when the whole world is staggering under the weight of war, its eyes are lifted to find a deliverer. Why may not our country be the one chosen to lead in this hour of need? This is indeed a crucial moment in modern history. Hearers must be awaiting it, since the destiny of humanity will be so vitally affected. Shall civilization continue its huge preparations for war, or will it lay down its weapons and find a better way?

JULIAN S. WADSWORTH.

Geneva

Barbizon, Millet, Edwin Markham and Jenkin Lloyd Jones

We have wished and planned for half our lifetime to make a pilgrimage to Barbizon, but although we have so often been in Paris, and Barbizon is only forty miles away, the propitious occasion for the pilgrimage never came until on one of the recent summer's days. The famous little village, the home of so many of the gifted and revered French painters of the nineteenth century, and center of the region where many others have lived and worked, center of memories so dear to all lovers of beauty and aspiration, lies on the very border of the great forest of Fontainebleau. The charming and historic environment indeed is what drew Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Rosa Bonheur and their associates to this part of France, which their lives and work have immortalized.

Barbizon is a quiet, homely little village, with homes for not half so many people as Concord or Old Lyme. Chailly, a little way off, almost a part of Barbizon, is hardly a village at all. To lovers of Millet it is inseparable from Barbizon in memory; for the broad field which lies between is the field in which Millet places the simple peasant in the "Angelus" and the "Gleaners." The little spire which peeps up at the border of both of these beloved pictures is the spire of Chailly church; and beside that little church, as is so fitting, Millet rests. There is a little church in Barbizon itself. It is but a short walk from Millet's cottage and studio, and directly beside the studio of Rousseau. This studio, carefully preserved in exactly its old-time condition, was a favorite rallying place, almost a club-room, for the artists of Barbizon's golden age, and is today one of the chief centers, with many pictures on the walls, and all so human and appealing that one feels as if the artists lingered at the door ready to enter and resume painting or companionship.

The little inn which Robert Louis Stevenson made his home during his stay at Barbizon, where he wrote his "Forest Notes," has a pretty garden, with a bright restaurant, where our luncheon was served; and the trees there were already bursting into green, and the birds already singing.

Millet's little cottage touches the very sidewalk. The distinctive and attractive side is at the rear, fronting the pretty garden, of very considerable size and green with turf, trees and shrubbery. The holy-of-holies is of course the studio itself, the simple room where so many of the dreams were dreamed and the immortal work was done. It is kept piously intact, restored with absolute exactness a few years ago, with the old easel standing in its place and Millet's own chair beside the box of paints. Here and in other rooms hang original studies and copies; and one room is devoted to the sale of the photographs and souvenirs sought by the hundreds who come out from Paris to the shrine. The good woman in charge has the proper piety and all the particular knowledge, and one's transactions with her become a suitable piece of education.

On one of the walls in the cottage, with other Millet pictures hangs an early sketch of "The Man with a Hoe." Beside it, it was a delight to find in a simple frame a printed copy of Edwin Markham's famous poem upon that pregnant and eloquent picture. We expressed our delight to the faithful custodian, who shared our satisfaction. "Ah, yes," she said, "the picture and the poem should always go together." So they should. My thought went back to a Lincoln's birthday evening in Boston two or three years ago, where at a little club to which I belong Lincoln's birthday is always piously commemorated. On this particular evening, by rare good fortune, Edwin Markham, then visiting Boston, was one of us. He recited his noble Lincoln poem; and then in response to the urgent appeal he recited also "The Man with a Hoe," and luminously expounded it. No mere laborer this, no mere hard worker with bent back, no ordinary peasant or unprivileged drudge, but representative and symbol of unprivileged and hopeless centuries, of long periods like those signalized by Lowell's burning lines on the French Revolution and its provocation, periods in which "grew and gathered through the silent years the anguish of a people, wrong by wrong." "There seemed no strength in the dumb toilers' tears, no strength in suffering, but the past was strong." "The Man with a Hoe" is alike martyr, menace and pledge of revolution and redemption; and this no matter whether his implement and emblem is a hoe, a loom run on inhuman and unfair hours and unfair wages, or a gun borne by a man who knows not why, huddled with fellow men in

trenches "on the western front," like those which we saw on the morrow at Verdun.

When the thought is of the inequities of fortune, recompense and consideration, where is the illustration more glaring or rebuking than in the case of Millet himself? The immortal creations of that little studio through the years often barely sufficed to keep the struggling and anxious family alive. A few years ago, "The Angelus," most famous of Millet's paintings, was sold for $200,000. Millet himself in the days of distress had to sell it for a sum one cannot remember and would hardly wish to remember.

As with Millet, so with Mozart and so many other inspired creators whose benefactions deserve our rich beatitudes. On the day I write, a great Mozart festival opens at Basel, to continue for a week and more, presenting all of Mozart's famous operas and his great compositions in many fields. It is the second Mozart Festival at Basel, and will be an annual event. Basel will be thronged by music lovers from all over Germany, Switzerland and France. In August, Munich will be thronged by music lovers from the whole Western world for the still greater Mozart festival there, a regular festival now for many years. How many in the thousands will recall the story of Mozart's life, the bare and the bitter days of Salzburg and Vienna, the pinching poverty, the hopes deferred, the broken promises, the whole life one unbroken sequence of frustrations? Hardly one work was the choice of freedom; almost every subject was dictated by necessity. Do we wonder that he died at thirty-five? Most gifted of all musical natures, what might he not have done had he lived to the age of Bach or Handel or Beethoven? What might the world's enrichment through him not have been, had he been kind fortune's freeman and not her ever thwarted servitor?

As we went to Barbizon, and as we came away, I found myself thinking ever of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, that true prophet, preacher, poet, who loved Millet so deeply and expounded the gospel of his paintings with such power. There at his Lincoln Centre in Chicago for a generation, Jenkin Lloyd Jones was more than a teacher of religion; he stirred Chicago and stirred a wider circle to a nobler and profounder sense of the message of what is great in poetry and in art. His lectures and discussions of Millet roused me as they roused so many to the deeper meaning of Millet's life and work. Who of us could forget the gospel of "The Sower" as proclaimed by Jenkin Lloyd Jones? In Boston, our Twentieth Century Club, founded to promote a better social order, set "The Sower" on its scutcheon.

As a Bostonian I am grateful and proud that nowhere outside of France itself was the genius of Millet more quickly or fully recognized at its true worth than in Boston. William M. Hunt was a very evangelist of Millet in that early day. We cannot name the name of Quincy Shaw without thinking of his early and deep love for Millet and the devotion with which he made his great Millet collection. Thanks mainly to him, two large rooms in the Boston Art Museum are entirely filled with paintings by Millet, illustrating every field in which he worked, with "The Sower" itself as its chief glory.

If one chooses, as we chose, after the visit to Barbizon, one may drive through the great forests to Fontainebleau itself, with its big historic chateau. Impressive it is, with its great weight of history and of stone, ponderous, artificial, magnificent in its way, unlovely, superannuated, with its great grounds beautiful in much, covering acres. One is led through its endless halls and corridors and chambers and gilded saloons, associated with Francis I and Henry IV and Louis, after Louis down to Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon. In this room was signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; in that, Napoleon, who lived so much at Fontainebleau, signed his abdication. In the great court, Napoleon said his farewell to the Old Guard.

Had Napoleon been a Washington, or even a Cromwell, that farewell would have had a different accent and might have had a different sequel. But he, too, becomes one of the unrealities of Fontainebleau; and Victor Hugo has unforgettably shown us how one Napoleon may be "Petit," as another may be "Grand." The halls of Fontainebleau echo the knells of assumptions and despotisms. The "Grand Monarque" proclaimed "I am the State"; and two generations later the "I" in royal succession mounted to the indifferent guillotine in the Place de la Concorde in a very promiscuous procession. Two centuries after "I am the State," the exclusive audience chambers and bedchambers of Fontainebleau resound chiefly to the footsteps of Cook's tourists and curious Barbizon peasants on holiday.

> Bolt and bar the Palace door,
> While the mass of men are poor,
> Naked wrong grows more and more
> Uncontrolled.
> You're not stirred by foolish pride,
> But can seize a right denied;
> Somehow God is on your side,
> Hunger and Cold!

It was the same hand that bared "Napoleon le Petit" which revealed most powerfully in modern France the rights and wrongs of the "Miserable" and the "Toilers." The Barbizon painter with the same accent as the English poet preached that "men the workers" are "men my brothers," and not merely servants by divine decree; and he showed as eloquently as the inspired London story-teller the beauty and the sacredness of lowliest lives.

Only ghosts inhabit the gilded halls and chambers of Fontainebleau today. Few contrasts are more striking or eloquent than that now between Fontainebleau and Barbizon. The one echoes the long traditions of tyranny and privilege, the regime of "poor men down," of things never to return. The other is a cradle of democracy, of humanity, of beauty and aspiration. It reeks not of "the dignities and all that." It speaks of things to be, of the new order when "a man's a man for a' that"; of "All men up"; of equal opportunities and skill; of Burns and Dickens and Lowell, of Victor Hugo and Millet.

Edwin D. Mead.

Let's Pay Their Expenses

One does not need to be a very arduous reader of the daily press to be aware of the vast sums of money that are spent by the candidates for public office of both parties in elections. Messrs. Vare and Davis are only outstanding examples of a system practised the length and breadth of the United States.

And our not very assiduous reader of the daily press need have very little imagination to realize that when a candidate for our national legislature spends, say, $50,000 for a job that pays $10,000 a year gross for two years, he—or those who contribute the money—is bound to make up the difference—and probably a bit more—somehow or other. The zeal for public service today rarely goes so far as to allow spending a small fortune for the privilege of representing a district or state in Congress without a commensurable return: Congressmen are not like Alice Foote MacDougall's waitresses! Or are they?

As Senator Nye pointed out, in a statement published in The New York *Times* of January 11, "Men with selfish interests to be served through legislation find it profitable to contribute to the campaign funds of a party and at times to both parties. Investments in the form of such contributions have been found to be productive of certain and positive returns—returns of such proportions as make ordinary investments seem silly. Campaign contributions buy political favors." The political favors that are bought by individuals and corporations in elections consist of tax refunds, tariffs or no tariffs, O'Fallon decisions, lower income and inheritance tax rates in the higher brackets, and the like. These are bought at the expense of the public; can we afford it?

It is an axiom that the larger campaign fund wins the election, *caeteris paribus*. The corollary to this is that unless one has a large campaign fund—that is, either a large personal fund as in the case of Governor Pinchot, or strong political backing as in the case of Senator Davis—one may as well not run. The question to be answered here is again, Can the public afford to permit such a system to continue?

It is recorded as one of the early triumphs of the Labor Party in England that in 1911 it forced the Government to concede the payment of Members of Parliament £400 a year. Until that was done, many otherwise desirable Labor candidates could not afford to become M. P.'s. Here in this country we have paid our Congressmen so long that we take it for granted. But the cost of running a campaign is just as effective a bar to many otherwise eligible candidates for public office as would be lack of salary if they once attained it.

Our proposed remedy for this situation is indicated by the title of this article: Let's pay their expenses! We suggest, in short, that the campaign expenses of all available candidates ought properly to constitute a charge against the cost of government.

A friend of mine once remarked that one thing we need in our political life is more men to run for office who are willing to be defeated. That may sound paradoxical, but it is true from one viewpoint at any rate. When Norman Thomas runs year after year (he himself is on record as saying that it is hard to remember all the time just what office he is a candidate for) one year for governor of New York, another for Congress, another for the mayorship of New York City, and still another for the presidency of the United States, we have an example of a healthy influence in politics. Mr. Thomas' campaigns are educational in every sense. And yet he runs in the almost certain expectation of being defeated.

Now Mr. Thomas is in a fortunate position. He is headline news even in the more conservative papers of New York, and he is the recognized leader of a party. As such he is sure of a certain amount of organized support in his behalf whenever and for whatever he runs. But there are many other persons, if not with all of Mr. Thomas' ability certainly with as much ability as the office-holders and regular party candidates against whom they would like to campaign, both Socialists and independents, who ought to be in a campaign but who simply can't afford it. The country stands to lose by a system which keeps such men as these from running. It is hard to believe that it can afford such a loss with the present dearth of brains in public life.

Including the estimable Mr. Coolidge there are many who blame the primary election system for the high cost of obtaining office. Doubtless there is much truth in this assertion, and while no sane person is willing to go back to a convention system, yet when one reads the newspapers one wonders just what, if anything, the primaries amount to, for the papers are continually filled with stories reporting that one ward-heeler or another has refused or agreed to back such and such a man in the primaries. It is only occasionally that a prospective candidate can buck the machine even in the primaries, leaving the general elections out of consideration entirely.

Our proposal for remedying this situation is this: (1) That any person who can obtain the signatures of a certain percentage of the qualified voters of his district on a petition that he be a candidate for office shall be recognized as a candidate for that office. (2) That every such candidate shall be allowed campaign expenses amounting to, say, twenty cents for each registered voter in his district.

The law would not recognize party lines at all. It would award expense money to a candidate as a candidate. If he wished to pool his resources with any other candidate or candidates—and thus form a party, temporary or permanent—well and good. If not, well and good again. This could hardly be expected to wipe out party organizations completely. It would, however, make them a whole lot less influential than they are and take away one more reason for their existence. This, in turn, would open the field for the influence of more really important organizations, such as the American Association for Labor Legislation on the one hand, and the League for Industrial Rights on the other, as well as for similar groups in other fields. The hysteria and inertia of a party which is all things to all people would be minimized, and the personal ability of the individual candidate would be made of more importance. The vested interests of members in their party would become negligible.

We suggested twenty cents per capita as an allowance for expenses. The average Congressional district now has a population of about 288,000 under the new census. Allowing two-fifths of this for the eligible electorate, the expenditures of a candidate would be

limited to about $2,250. This is not an unreasonable amount, and it is one which is small enough so that any very large surplus expenditures would immediately show up.

This scheme is not perfect. It does not claim to be. It has omitted mention, for instance, of the influence of the press. This, we believe, would follow suit in the disintegration of party organizations and their vested interests. Editors would be under less compulsion to back up a whole party ticket regardless of their personal opinions of the candidates' fitness. The way would be opened for independence here as well as in candidates' positions and platforms.

The scheme is not perfect, we said. But it does, we believe, recognize one important principle; that the burden of securing desirable public servants ought not to rest with individuals and private interests but with society. So long as it rests with individuals, the tendency will be to commercialize public office and to attempt to secure subservient representatives of special interests in governmental affairs. When it rests with society, the tendency will be to give something like an equal chance to all candidates, and to secure the brains and ability that the complicated government of today needs. This scheme will cost money. Can we afford it? Or, rather, can we afford to be without it?

T. Richard Witmer.

The Study Table

"The Private Life of a Columbia Student"

Everyone interested in Latin America should read "The Son of Two Nations: The Private Life of a Columbia Student," by Pedro Juan Labarthe.* Many visitors from the United States to the Latin American countries have described their impressions. In this book, an unusually bright young Porto Rican gives us his own experiences, both in his native island and in New York, and enables us to see the United States through Latin American eyes.

The son of an aristocratic father and a democratic mother, young Labarthe found himself pulled in two directions. His father disliked American rule for fear it would put an end to Spanish culture and the Spanish language in Porto Rico. His mother favored it because of its practical advantages in the way of schools, sanitation, etc. He tells how the bullying behavior of the American marines, and the harshness of a tactless Governor, increased anti-American feeling; and how another Governor, with better manners and more sense, appeased it. His mother's representations, his acquaintance with some American women for whom she did dress-making, above all, the kindness of an American school-teacher, finally made him a "pro-Yankee." Awarded a scholarship, he came to New York for his education, but the promised money failed to materialize, and he had to go to work. His mother, who had accompanied him, went to work also. He shows what advantage is taken of foreigners because of their ignorance of our language and customs. He also gives some amusing instances of racial prejudice. He had been told in Porto Rico that Jews had tails. When he worked side by side with them, he was surprised to learn that they were much like other human beings; and he and some Jewish boys and girls became excellent friends. He found almost as strange ideas about Porto Ricans prevalent among some of his fellow workers. After many struggles, during which he was encouraged and helped at every step by his mother, he got fairly started upon his collegiate course; and he gives us a graphic picture of the different types of teachers with whom he came in contact both in the City College and in Columbia University. He tells how our ways and customs impressed him. It is good for us to "see ourselves as others see us," especially an intelligent foreigner.

*"The Son of Two Nations: The Private Life of a Columbia Student," P. J. Labarthe, 3604 Broadway, New York City, $2.00.

Labarthe does not believe that prohibition has led to an increase of drinking among college students. He says very few Columbia students drink! "During the college dances, one out of twenty-five couples brought gin. The great majority found more enjoyment in drinking ginger ale and sipping malted milk. . . . Drunkards were looked upon with repugnance." He says prohibition can be enforced if the right kind of men are set to do it, but that unfortunately the enforcement has been placed in untrustworthy hands.

He visited the East Side, the poorest part of New York:

> There he met with boys like himself, whose ambitions were to amount to something some day. He visited different homes, and saw young men singeing their eye-lashes at gas-lights reading and doing their home work. Boys on the fire escapes reading under the street lights; boys in groups in the alleys talking about politics, philosophical debates, problems of the day. He heard melancholy sounds coming from music students; he saw girls painting, and moulding statues. The East Side is inspiration; the East Side is the true picture of ambition.

Pedro won scholarships, and steadily advanced. He was untiring in his efforts to promote a better understanding between the two Americas, each of which has something to learn from the other. He believes that Porto Rico should be a connecting link between them. He devised various ways to further good feeling, and secured the opening of scholarships to many Porto Rican and other Latin American students.

> Pedro's home became the oasis for hundreds of Porto Rican boys and girls who could not find positions in the metropolis. Mothers came with their children to have Pedro and his mother place them in homes and schools. He had to write letters, recommend, and go to the agencies, factories, institutions and corporations. The more they asked of him, the happier he felt.

Young Labarthe is a hero-worshipper. He wrote boldly and artlessly to the prominent persons he admired, and he secured many influential friends in this way, and got their approval for his plans for a better understanding with Latin America.

One of the pleasant things about the book is the picture that it gives us of a very noble mother. The story ends with Pedro's taking his degree at Columbia, and his words, "Mother, it was all your work. You are the heroine of my life."

The book has been well received by distinguished judges. Havelock Ellis calls it "a most ingenuous and attractive narrative."

Alice Stone Blackwell.

Correspondence

The Army Raid on the United States

Editor of UNITY:

After a week and a half of aerial preparedness demonstration the drone of the war plane host has subsided, and the diverted thinking of the country returns to its sorrows and the way of least resistance. The great flight, however, with its arc of shadow stretching like the path of an eclipse from Chicago to Boston, and thence southward through a chain of Atlantic seaboard cities, has stimulated the adrenal secretions of the populace to the full expectation of the War Department. The American fighting pulse runs higher by several degrees against our wholly imaginary enemy, and from the standpoint of the militarists we are undoubtedly to be congratulated on being this much nearer war.

Inescapable as the logic is, there yet remains unasked and unanswered by the general mind the stark question of the why and wherefore of these proud toys of the air, churning the moral twilight of civilization with the hum of chaos. Events which take place on so national a scale acquire an epochal significance, and the focus of that meaning is invariably centered in a single image. In the harbor of our greatest city the entire movement of the squadron found its pivot, around which the human background and all the statistics of the drama were unfolded with precision and beauty and pathos. Above the torch of that photogravured divinity, the Statue of Liberty, the sonorous float of passion in the sky swung as a foreshadowing of tragedy, terrible with the suffering and obscuration, that menace a powerful county still clinging, in the exaggeration of its claims as against its obligations, to the agony it should outgrow.

Looked at from the viewpoint of our professed ideal of liberty and enlightenment, the situation reduces itself ironically to the following facts: On May 23, New York City capitulated, and has since, with the other cities in the line of raid, been in the possession of the invaders. What took place was an actual bombardment, the explosive material being in the form of a spectacular war suggestion let fall on millions of people defenseless in their lack of sufficient insight or conviction to protect themselves by penetrating the criminal stupidity, if not the criminal intent, represented in what they saw.

The occasion renders pardonable, perhaps, this expression of what one may imagine to be the disappointment which qualifies the otherwise natural enthusiasm of thinking Americans throughout the land. At a moment of intense pain and discouragement a brilliant glimpse of the established powers of science and the adventure of life tends to restore confidence like a new vision. Something of the grace and strong security of man's action is written on air in a splendid victory. Accomplishment, articulation, expression, ideal yet actual, meet the eyes of a depressed humanity in a picture drawn firmly on intangible space. But in that pageant of creative triumph moves an image of the sinister in human affairs. The tiger-soul of the race has taken wings and threatens to convert the victory into defeat in a vast sweep of demolition. Black against all that splendor looms the storm shadow of man's most insane self-created pestilence.

Every cause has its effect, and in this instance the effect deliberately calculated by the war makers of the nation was illusion. We pride ourselves on being a realistic people, but evince only our gullibility in the emotionalism with which, like sheep, we flock at the bidding of those who wield the power of glamorous sensation. With a few heroic individual exceptions, the populace of New York City was captured, and its attention successfully lured from the challenge of our social perils to the deceptive romance of military life in the air. Those few patriots saw the meaning of the strategy and rejected it by active protest in the name of that peace of the world to which America is committed. The rest, an overwhelming majority, surrendered, forfeiting to that extent the highest dignity of citizenship—the exercise of free, challenging intelligence. Vacantly they gave time, money and what is more serious, the force of their collective feeling and thinking to an event the logic of which they were too careless or undiscriminating to follow through.

The argument of the air squadron above our cities was not defense—for the demonstration was fantastically disproportionate to the remotest need—but war, and the state of mind which accepts war. Out of the thrill of illusion with which the cities and the press of the entire nation have responded to this military display the subtlest materials of war have been generated by a deliberate psychological chemistry. It is this mass hypnotism which exposes the unpatriotism of those who would betray the brotherly intent and spirit of a great nation. Let no one be deceived. "Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism." If the criterion of rightness and wrongness in the present instance is rationally derivable from the principles contained in the nearly two score pacts and agreements by which the United States has morally and legally bound itself to employ only pacific means in the settlement of all international disagreements whatsoever, then the disloyalty of every citizen who has actively or passively sponsored the maneuverings of the swarm of war planes, with all that those immorally implied, stands before the world as a glaring, incontestable fact.

The one light which can illuminate life and make it intelligible comes through the individual heart. The patriot is that understanding man or woman who, in whatever degree possible, wields that light with initiative toward light's beneficent end. In the classification of our citizens which the present civil war of ideas makes inevitable, that group whose hearts are channels of fear, perversity and violence are not to be accounted friends of liberty. Their action, if allowed to reach its logical conclusion, will sever the roots of spiritual progress for all mankind.

In view of the conservatively estimated $3,000,000 cost of advertising this military propaganda—a $3,000,000 denial of the Kellogg Pact—following the refusal of official Washington to provide financial relief for unemployment, the attitude of every citizen who is strong in the cause of truth may be unequivocally defined. Shall he, peaceful and world-minded, permit himself to be bulldozed and humbugged by the arrogance of those who join with the industrial oppressors in a slavery of war? The recent darkening of the sky has perceptibly increased the gloom of the world, and this at a time when every kindly ray of nobility and generosity in human nature is a remedial necessity. Who among us with red-blooded idealism can allow himself to be beguiled by the colossal effrontery with which the War Department flaunted over a peace-professing nation the menace of so impudent a lie? The insolence of it is exceeded only by that of the recent announcement of a plan for the conscription of eleven million men. The illegality of such tactics, considering the obligations towards peace already assumed by our Government, is no less desperate than the insanity.

The victim of this dark mania is the American people, and with them the people of the world. Continued slumber at this time means the triumph of degrading and destructive powers. These only can obliterate our honor, and they are represented by all work for the defeat of brotherhood and the obstruction of human progress. The war makers who, with the commercial interests, thrive for the moment on usurped power, seek to subvert the flow of the nation's righteous purpose and destiny. They have spiritually expatriated themselves by their unprincipled barbarism. "Hatred," said Victor Hugo, "is not intelligence." The time has come to insist with the stern prerogative of this distinction that we shall not be despoiled by a conspiracy of morons. The threatening insurgence of hatred can be met only by the calm resistance of intelligence. In so far as each American possesses this last characteristic, the fact will be known in his eyes and the set of his face, and his non-allegiance to the war makers will be a power extending from him with absolute authority.

New Brunswick, N. J. H. DOUGLAS WILD.

Bill's Answer to His Jewish Friend

Dear David:

Your welcome letter (UNITY, June 15) comes to me more like a fresh supply of blood to my heart than as a paper covered with symbols.

I have never expressed in words my love for you, but you have known since that wonderful evening when, as I came to your door and before I could reach the bell, the door opened and your youngest son greeted me with "Welcome Stranger." I know now those heart filling words of brotherly invitation were meant for all mankind. On the table was the glass of wine for the prophet Elijah

and the dry unleavened bread and bitter herbs. Without interruption you proceeded with the Sedar service and I found myself adopted into your family life as truly as though we were sons of one mother.

Tears came to my eyes and awe in my heart as I realized I had found the pearl of great price—Faith in The All One, our Creator. You know of the Lutheran ancestry on my father's side and New England Congregational on my mother's side, a long line of ministers in both lines. I have taken some pride in these facts and that from them have come, so far as I know, only good men and women. However, since that Sedar service of the Passover, I can say my mind has been at rest as to the object of my worship; of my hope and eternal love. Yet I am not a Jew in name, for in my studies of religion I find fellowship with the red men, who from remote time have worshipped the Great Spirit Egoquim identical with E. O. Ih of the ancient Hebrews. Again the Parsees, most ancient of the worshippers of Ormazd, The All Light. These faithful brothers held this faith before Abraham and have never turned to the false gods of the oracle houses. They still maintain the ancient faith in its purity.

What greater meaning has Israel than Faith? Those who choose the All One are His chosen. So if I would name myself I would call myself a Faithist in contradistinction to all who worship the name of any lord god or savior in shape and figure of a man.

This faith changes not with language; is not conditioned; beyond relativity; beyond all possible imaginings of man in glory, power and love.

All was, All is, All ever shall be. He says "I Am" and He comprehends all things seen and unseen. Nothing can be outside His embrace. Thou art That!

You speak softly of the whole Christian story. My studies lead to the opinion that Christ and his life and philosophy were invented three hundred years after the supposed events by the Roman priests, for the purpose of control of the minds of their people through sympathy with a suffering god who should embody all the virtues of heaven and earth.

Constantine, seeing that the people were losing faith in the Olympian gods, caused the council of Nice, at which the whole system was invented that will take several hundred years yet to shake from the minds of mortals.

Your letter makes it easy for me to say what has been held tentatively in my mind for a long time.

As I sat under some California redwoods, I realized as never before how futile to worship a young Jew born long since these trees began to grow.

If the soul is immortal there must be elder brothers tens of thousands of years old; impossible to think of such godlike beings taking their religious concepts from a young man only 2,000 years old! Such childish postulates are no help in the spiritual growth of this era.

I have come to feel that all the protestant movements, from Luther to Wesley, are superior to Rome only because it is easier to break away from them.

All creeds are handed to us in the cradle before our brains have any teeth, and they monopolize our thought and prevent us from going to the Creator direct and listening to his voice. I find the following in a little known book:

"Whoso ruleth over his own earthly desires, passions, actions, words and thoughts, being constantly watchful for the highest light and greatest good, is on the right road.

"And if he persist in this till it hath become a constitutional growth within him, then shall he hear the Voice.

"Let all things be proved, or supported by corresponding testimony known to be true. As the holy man perceiveth how things should be in the heavens above, so they are. The unholy man seeth heavenly things but dimly; he bindeth himself in ancient revelations which have become corrupted.

"The Creator is as near this day as in time of the ancients; put thyself in order, becoming one with Him, and no book so easily read as His created universe.

"Inspiration cometh less by books, than by what The Creator wrote—His works.

"Read thou Him and His works. Frame thy speech and thy thoughts for Him; He will answer thee in thine own behaviour, and in the happiness of thy soul.

"Great wisdom cannot be attained in a day; nor purity and strength to overcome temptation, till the growth be from the foundation."

Dear David, we are at one with all this; we are pioneers in a modern picture of a very old faith. The Father has been with all his living children. Ever his voice sounds the keynote to which all mankind may become attuned, and war and strife be stilled. The world is our country. Yes, we will watch together; pray together, and together welcome the dawn.

I am your brother, Bill,

Los Angeles, Cal. GUSTAVE P. WIKSELL.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 322)

in the military and financial affairs of the state, hitherto, the two spheres in which unified control by the Central Government had been most in dispute. The success which has attended the latest efforts of Nanking in the disbandment of superfluous soldiery and the abolishment of likin (inland excise) is ample proof of its growing hold over the provinces. We have good reason, therefore, to believe that a new era of peace and reconstruction is dawning over our much harassed nation.

With the cessation of the civil war it has been possible for the Central Government to turn its attention to matters of a more constructive nature. Two recent conferences, one called by the Ministry of Industry and the other by the Ministry of Home Affairs, are worthy of special mention. The Industrial Conference was composed of leaders in business and industries, experts and Chamber of Commerce representatives. While their deliberations covered a wide range of topics vital to China's economic life, the more important decisions can be summed up under two categories.

(1) Matters requiring Government action.

A. To safeguard the Customs revenue.

B. To abolish the likin (inland excise) and numerous other taxes;

C. To unify China's currency, abolish the tael and adopt the dollar as the standard monetary unit;

D. To develop China's basic industries; and

E. To deal with the unemployment problem.

(2) Matters which business and industrial leaders could attend to themselves.

A. To promote large scale industries by the concentration of capital;

B. To adopt scientific methods of management in business and industries;

C. To improve and multiply our means of production by the application of scientific and technical knowledge;

D. To make special provision for the welfare of workers and develop a spirit of co-operation between capital and labor;

E. To extend our over-seas trade.

The conference called by the Ministry of Home Affairs made the enforcement of district autonomy its main concern. As I go over the published proceedings of the Conference, I see the following practical issues germane to the internal welfare of the country discussed.

(1) Completion of the District Autonomy Program. Local self-government is the road which will lead to the democratization of China. The Central Executive Committee of the 3rd National Congress of the Kuomintang (1928) decided that the period of political training for the people advocated by the late Dr. Sun be fixed at six years. During this period two important steps in the internal policy of China are to be taken, viz., the complete reorganization of the District Governments and the enforcement of district self-government before the end of 1934. In order to hasten the realization of this program, the Conference adopted a number of resolutions covering such matters as the revision of the District Government Law, the raising and custody of funds for the inauguration of district autonomy, etc.

(2) The Pacification of the country. To restore peace and security to the country is a matter of urgent necessity especially in provinces like Honan, Shensi, Kansu, Hunan, Kiangsi and Fukien which have suffered under the double curse of war and famine. The Conference agreed upon a number of measures directed towards this end including relief and the equitable distribution of food, the organization of civilian self-defense corps, the improvement of the police system, and the adoption of a system of mutual guarantee, a time-honored method in China of exposing local evil doers.

(3) Reform of Officialdom. In the official system of China, the two func-

tionaries who have the most to do with the daily life of the people are the Hsien Magistrate and the Director of Public Safety and both are directly responsible to the Ministry of Home Affairs. Several resolutions were adopted by the Conference having to do with the careful selection and appointment of magistrates through examination, laws governing their promotion and punishment, and summary measures for the eradication of corruption.

(4) The Development of the Outlying Territories. The migration of people from congested areas in the interior of China to the outlying territories is necessary both for the development of those regions as well as for the strengthening of national defence.

It is interesting to follow the preparatory steps being taken for the convocation of the National Peoples Convention in May. The delegates to the Convention are to be chosen by the following organizations in the various districts in accordance with prescribed numbers:

1. Peasant Unions
2. Labor Unions
3. Chambers of Commerce and Industrial Organizations
4. Educational Associations, National Universities, Universities registered with the Ministry of Education and Associations of Liberal Professions.
5. The Kuomintang of China.

Thus broadly speaking, the vocational grouping will form the basis of election to the Convention. Mr. Hu Han Min, President of the Legislative Yuan, defines the main tasks of the Convention as the consolidation of national unification, the acceleration of national reconstruction and the completion of the program of political training of the people. This is the first time in the history of our country to attempt a quasi-democratic gathering of this nature and we watch the experiment with keen interest.

During the last few weeks a small group of friends interested in the social problems of China have been reviewing and evaluating the advance made in this field in recent years. One of the problems reviewed is that of the Chinese woman. As I have hardly ever touched this subject in my monthly letters, I hope you will not mind my devoting the remaining space of this letter to it.

Traditionally, women in China are subject to four kinds of limitations and disabilities. First of all, politically and legally, she is a nonenity. Government and law are the special prerogatives of the male and only he has a political and legal status. Next, in the sphere of religion and morals, the Chinese woman is also placed upon a low level. Buddhism considers woman as the primary source of the world's evil. Confucianism tolerates her because of the necessity for procreation. In Confucian ethics, a woman is not supposed to have a personality of her own. When she is under age, she follows her parents; when she marries, she follows her husband; when he dies, if she is fortunate to have a son, she follows him. If not, she has nothing before her but black despair. Thirdly, in the economic system, she had no prospects in the old days beyond that of a domestic drudge. Even the pittance she earns as such is not her own. Then lastly, social customs and conventions have also laid a heavy hand upon her life. Women need not be educated; she should have bound feet; she must act shy and timid before men; she must confine her activities to the home; if a widow, she must never marry again and a hundred and one other rules make life for her cramped and bare.

For centuries Chinese women have lived under these conditions seemingly with no protest. But once modern education and western influence began to spread in China, she awakens to the injustice done her by man and commences to revolt.

The earliest manifestations of this revolt were loud but ineffective. They mostly consist of diatribes against man's tyranny and self-assumed lordship. This is natural because the earliest philosophy underlying the revolt of women in China was that of retaliation. "Let us turn the tables on man and do unto him what he has done unto us." It was even proposed that women should form a league to resist marriage so that man shall be unable to secure wives!

This stage however soon passed and in 1912 we saw the rise of a movement to demand woman suffrage. The leadership was supplied by those women who have joined Dr. Sun's secret political society the Tung Men Hui. When the first constitution was drawn up, the woman members of the society, supported by their sympathizers, made a determined attempt to put in equal suffrage for women. Although they did not succeed in their undertaking, their cause, nevertheless, gained national prominence.

The next time the women's question came into the limelight was in 1919 following the rise of the National Student Movement. The nature of this movement was however very different from the one which rose in 1912. Then, the movement was for political suffrage and legal equality; now it is for emancipation from those conventions which bind her domestic and social life. The issues raised were sex morality, love, marriage, divorce, family obligations, etc. This stage could more properly be described as the feminist stage and those who participated mostly belonged to the student class.

During the years following 1922, the problems of the woman were overshadowed by the rise of the Anti-religion movement, the Labor Movement, the Northern Expedition of the Kuomintang, etc. But in 1927 it again rose into prominence on the issue of the economic rights of women. They adopted for their slogan "Same work and equal pay" with man. This time it is the working girls' movement. The demands voiced were for equal wages, special provisions for maternity and other feminine requirements, and the right to take up any vocation.

Since the Kuomintang adopted the policy of discouraging popular movements, this movement together with others has entered a quiescent period. When it will break forth again and in what form is a matter in the future.

T. Z. Koo.

Shanghai, China.

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